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# The Voice of the Phi Sigma -- 1883 -- Volume 05, No. 05

Phi Sigma

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The "Voice"  
Vol. V

No. 5

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Read at 172 Throop St

on  
Tuesday Evening  
November 27

1883



# Editorials

We had composed our first editorial five minutes after it was announced that we were to prepare the contents of the next Voice. It is as follows. We are indebted to the remarkable talent of our artist Mr. W. H. Beard for our handsome cover to the paper.

The next five minutes was occupied in our second editorial which is. Whatever merit this number of the Voice may possess in literary excellence, in arrangement, in choice of topics and details in general, attribute to our very efficient co-editors, whose presence upon the editorial staff was an inspiration, which left its stamp upon every article. We can sincerely say that we are grateful to Mrs. Rice and Mr. Whittsey for their interest in the paper and for the amount of work which they placed upon their valuable contributions to it.

Probably the first thought <sup>that</sup> comes to the mind of any one looking at our cover is "What are the Wild Waves saying?" and we venture to answer this momentous question. They are apparently talking to Calverton and the Wives. Rice and Whittsey exhorting with them <sup>and warning them</sup> not to come down any lower or they will be liable to get wet.



They are also suggestive of bringing down the  
house, which we hope this paper will not do,  
however, if it does, Phi Sigmities will please  
stand firm under. We do not have to warrant  
all these waves to be water waves, as a certain hair  
dealer on Madison St does. The presence of  
the stately light house in their midst, gleam-  
ing with its Aurora Borealis, is enough to prove  
that they are genuine Agua Pura. We never yet  
saw a light house in the midst of cast iron or  
copper waves. No! we do not have to guarantee  
these waves to any one who has conception  
enough not to take this lighthouse for a hitch-  
ing post in a Chicago dust storm.



# Our Society's Growth

It is with much satisfaction that we have watched the growth of our society to its present membership. Amid struggles and triumphs, it has attained that position that it gives each member a thrill of pride to say "I am a Phi Sigma." Looking over its past record we can feel satisfied with the progress it has made. There comes a feeling of pleasure to those, who have been members since it was organized and to those who joined it early in its history, to see the basis that it now rests upon. Often have these members clasped hands at the close of a little meeting of devoted souls with the thought sink or swim, survive or perish with the possibility of their little loved society sinking. They have seen young men, one after another, go out from them of necessity to prepare for their life work in other parts of the country. As they were persons of talent they left great gaps in the Society's ranks that it seemed could not be filled. They invited others to join them, so many of whom refused that they wondered whether the desire for mental improvement and



literary culture was dying out in the present generation. In their extremity they turned away from their own sex and sought and found help in the ladies. The wisdom of this is shown by our present success. Over willing to take the parts assigned them, their influence has been strong in maintaining the interest in the meetings. Their writings have been characterized by a depth, purity and refinement of expression that captivate the soul while they please the intellect by their literary merit. Our lady members have brought with them those qualities of wit, brilliancy of imagination and practical judgment, for which American women are noted over the world. Yes! Those gentlemen who had been plodding along in the secluded austerity of their own sex cannot be too grateful that they have been aided by the ladies in building up a pleasant profitable and progressive society. We notice another feature in our late increase of membership. It brings talent whose power will be felt in the future meetings. We believe that careful discrimination in their election which has always been advocated by the class



in regard to new members was adhered to. We know they will be a strong support to the class and trust they will receive all the advantage from it that it has here before given others. In view of receiving more new members it may be well to state again what requirements are asked by the class. It is scarcely enough that they are our friends or that they have agreeable and pleasant dispositions, but we should ask ourselves these questions. Is the person interested enough in literary work to put hard solid effort into it? Does he possess a broad general education that will make his writings interesting and instructive? Is he so occupied that he can devote the necessary time for preparing the exercises that he may be assigned? If so we will open wide our doors to him. Our class is large enough that we do not have to depend upon its increase of numbers for its interest and we can afford to receive new applicants with care. Just a few words now upon the outlook. During the past year we have made steady progress. The meetings have been as well attended as the number of members in the city



would permit. The programmes have  
been kept up to a high standard and  
the interest in the meetings has been  
keen. We hope every one will be thoroughly  
enthusiastic in the work of the society  
and we know with the hearty cooperation  
of each one we will move forward to  
grander success in the future.



## Society Jottings

One of the Phi Sigmities was highly disgusted not long since on being thus accosted by an elderly acquaintance - Do you belong to the Young Ladies' or Children's Society, dear?

Young man to young lady, looking at heliotypes  
What are those?

Young Lady: Oh! those are heliographs.

Wife Tanner rises to explain: -

Here is a little girl. Her name is Jane.  
(Construction). This is her brother (hypothesis)  
And her brother's name is not Jane (construction).  
But the little girl's name is also Brown  
(construction). Therefore Jane equals Brown.

But "things that are equal to one another  
are unequal to the same thing" therefore  
her brother's name is not Brown. Therefore  
this is Jane Brown and that is her brother  
whose name cannot be determined.

This is correct according to the reasoning of  
the person who gave us this bit according to  
a little different line of reasoning we  
get a different result. By all previous  
experience in the rule of possession is



we know that the brother is equal to two sisters. Jane & Brown. And by axiom one, we know that Jane runs when her brother comes, leaving Brown to equal him. But things that are unequal to hard tasks are apt to be overcome" (Destruction). But the sister left is Brown, therefore much more Brown is the brother.

L.E.D.

If any of the young ladies of the West Side are beginning to wonder and be anxious, concerning all they have heard and seen, the "Voice" suggests to them that Mr. Kimball does much - very much - just for the sake of a feeler.



## Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy

This, one of the greatest musicians of his own times and we might, without hesitation, say, of any period, was the son of Abraham Mendelssohn and Leah Salomon.

We are very familiar with the words of Abraham Mendelssohn - "Formerly I was the son of my father and now I am the father of my son."

He was a man of sterling worth and integrity, of much refinement and cultivated taste.

Though not a musician, in the sense of being an able performer like his son, yet he possessed a keen musical sense and was a fine musical critic.

His wife was refined, cultured and possessing rare ability in many ways. "She played and sang with expression and grace, but seldom, and only for her friends; she drew exquisitely; she spoke and read French, English, Italian and - secretly - Homer in the original language."

Her letters are full of a bright sweet liveliness that is very winning. Her learning does not seem to have detracted from the love of a simple quiet home-life; interested, with a true motherliness in her children and all their pursuits.

Felix Mendelssohn was born in Hamburg, Germany February 3-1809. This home in the cottage at Hamburg was where he received his first impressions of life, as his father said in after years when his son had surpassed



his fondest expectations - "this young man gives us much joy and I sometimes think, three cheers for Marten's Mill!" According to the custom in many of the European countries, the name Bartholdy was taken, by an uncle on his mother's side of the house and descended to Felix.

Mendelssohn showed a decided talent for music from his earliest childhood. His mother was his first teacher in this art which was destined to become his profession. The fact that it was to be his life-work he also discovered very early. His fugues are spoken of when he was but eleven years old. When near the age of twenty-five and writing to his father of his plans, he says - "People now know that I exist and that I have a purpose and any talent that I display they are ready to approve and to accept."

His two principal works at this time in the south of Germany are the Hebrides Overture and the "Walpurgis-nacht." He says he began the latter "simply because it pleased him and inspired him with fervor." He never thought of its being performed, yet he had learned that the compositions begun with the least thought of public sentiment, gave the greatest satisfaction.

In this case he was not mistaken for the "Walpurgis-nacht" was always a favorite with the public and especially so with the performers.

He spent the year 1833 in Berlin where he



gave several concerts and where <sup>the number of his admirers</sup> ~~his~~ popularity rapidly increased.

The Mendelssohn family were renowned for their Sunday afternoon concerts at home.

People of the highest culture, of widely different nationalities, tastes and pursuits gathered here to listen to a rare musical treat from Mendelssohn and his sister Fanny.

The home-life of this home loving family is described as charming, the birthdays and all festive occasions celebrated by musical or dramatic representations. Mendelssohn himself always preferred to remain quietly at home, composing, to appearing before the public, either in "performances" or conducting.

In the spring of 1833 he left Berlin and went to Düsseldorf where he remained permanently, his first engagement there being to conduct the great Düsseldorf Festival; this when he was but twenty-four years of age.

A part of the summer of the following year he spent ~~he spent~~ at Berlin with his father, between whom and himself there was a growing attachment amounting almost to adoration on the part of the son. As his father was then declining in years, failing in health and sight, the daily care and presence of his son, so young and yet <sup>already</sup> so successful, must have been a source of much comfort to him. One of his friends in writing of him about this time says - "His modesty



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prevents his letting you that he is a model sick-nurse, real to all intents and purposes, and ideal through his charming watchful affection."

And again - "He has a talent for everything." The next year, one of his greatest works, the Oratorio of St. Paul was completed and performed at the Dusseldorf Musical Festival.

Gladly would we pause over the details of this wonderful life and in the study of its varied phases discover how and in what he possessed a talent for everything but, for want of time and space, we pass on to the following spring when he approached one of the turning points in his life.

In March 1837 he married Cecilé Jeanrenaud, a woman in all respects suited to one of his excitable, nervous temperament, her gentleness and brightness having the influence over him which was most desirable. Mrs. Moschelles says of him - "One must congratulate the excitable and effervescent Mendelssohn that he has met with a wife so gentle, so exquisitely feminine, they are perfectly matched."

The remaining ten years of his life were very happy though very busy ones.

It was during the first year of his marriage that his famous "Elijah" began to take shape and form in his mind.

In 1842 he took his family to England for a time. Here he was very popular, especially with the Royal Family. The latter part of this year



was saddened by the death of his mother - Dec. 12 - amid all the preparations for Christmas and the Holidays.

It may not be out of place, just here to quote from the words of those who knew and loved her and who paid the tenderest tributes to her memory - "Berlin has lost, today, ~~her~~ one of its most eminent inhabitants"

"The sweetness of her character did not exclude firmness and in times of difficulty and danger when her husband showed himself a patriot full of faith and patience, her courage equalled his."

To one of Mendelssohn's nature, this loss of his mother was a great blow. His mind dwelt on it continually and he tried to busy himself that he might drive away thought and the ever-recurring sense of his bereavement.

The next year the "Midsummer Night's Dream" was performed with great success at Berlin.

This play itself had been a great favorite with Mendelssohn as a child and inspired him with his "Overture to the Midsummer Night's Dream" when but seventeen years of age.

He began very early to write his beautiful songs without words, one of the first ones being presented to his sister Fanny on her birthday. These gems of music were universal favorites and, <sup>were</sup> called for everywhere. It is said that on one of his visits to England, being asked to play for a home circle one evening, he took his place at the piano and rendered,



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with variations of his own, a simple, original air which had previously been played by one of the family. This was done with such good nature and easy grace that no offence could possibly be taken for none was intended.

It was one of his most striking characteristics that notwithstanding his varied powers and knowledge of his art, his modesty and good sense won the hearts of all who knew him.

It is remarked of him that he was "not a bit sentimental though he had so much sentiment."

Nobody enjoyed fun more than he and his laugh was the most joyous that could be.

On one occasion, in a merry party in the woods he called for some music and an old fiddle with but one string was brought to him. He laughed so heartily when he saw it that it provoked all the others into peals of merriment, though, <sup>he</sup> finally succeeded in drawing forth from it, some beautiful music.

As to Mendelssohn's personal appearance, he is described as short in stature, very dark and of a remarkably Jewish physique. His face was bright and animated and possessing an unmistakable look of genius. His hands were small, with taper fingers which, on the key board, behaved like living and intelligent creatures full of life and sympathy. His manner was peculiarly winning and his personal fascination secured <sup>and held</sup> him



many friends. It is said that "he had a great capacity for getting angry," anything like meanness or deceit rousing his wrath at once.

The wife of Moschelles, one of his best friends writes of him - "We are truly happy in our intercourse with the Mendelssohn's; not only he, the amiable, intimate friend but his wife and their charming children forming daily more and more attached to us and what a happy household it is! The abundant means at his command are never squandered upon outward show, but judiciously spent on a well regulated comfortable household."

And in this testimony we have the key to his Character and the secret of his popularity, for at his death which occurred in 1846, he was "mourned as a loved relative" by all; those who had known and admired him in his public life, as well as by those of his own familiar circle who had loved and cherished him for his winning disposition and true manliness.



## Graphographs

There is a young lady in our class,  
Whose music is hard to surpass  
She plays from Mozart  
With wonderful art  
Altogether a charming young lass

Our member a novelist is,  
When he attends strictly to biz.  
Rich stories and rare,  
That delight everywhere  
Made his reputation to riz.

Another delights in Shakespeare,  
Whose verse falls sweet on his ear.  
He'll quote from Othello  
This aspiring young fellow  
With a voice, that is strong, rich and clear.

There is a young man in our Town  
Who has gained literary renown  
In thought he is fleet  
He lives on Throop St.  
And jealously watches his down.

There was a young man of Ogbyra  
Sat down along side of his Myra  
They had just danced "The glim"  
When her parent came in  
And the young man achieved his bigira



# Why Not?

Henry Ward Beecher in his lecture upon the "Origin of the common people" made this statement "There never was a time in the history of the human race when clergymen had so little authority as now, but there never was a time when the Christian minister had so much influence as the present," and we believe he is correct. The age of authority seems to be on the wane and the age of influence taking its place. In this country, at least, the power of authority from the heads of families up to the heads of armies and governments is diminishing. A number of years ago a man's complete authority over his family was undisputed. He could chastise his wife and cruelly beat his children with scarcely a questioning of his motives. "The divine right of kings To govern wrong" was scarcely disputed by the great majority of their subjects. But as the liberty of the press grew stronger and knowledge became more diffused there came a reversion of public sentiment in these things. The wife began to think that her moral and spiritual advancement would go on just the same if not attended with blows from her husband, and Human societies interfered



with his pastime of beating his children. Some other mode of family government must be adopted. Harsh authority must give place to more mild influence. Now in every well regulated family the gentle, but powerful, forces of love, persuasion and example work out their effect in strong character and noble manhood and womanhood. Submission to governments is now no longer servile as in former years. The people reserve the right to question the acts of those in authority and a government seeking power must first influence the people in its favor. To do this it must establish mild and just laws and so make its subjects its friends by a wise legislation. Those governments which are still pressing the yoke of authority upon the neck of the people are feeling the reaction, and the time may not be far distant when they will wish they had used more influence and less authority. Coming from governments and families to business, we find its arm of influence reaching out over a wider territory to day than ever before. Merchants are not satisfied with the Trade of their own city or vicinity or country or state, but by newspapers, circulars and traveling salesmen seek to extend their commercial influence over a country, over continents and the world. If there is one feature more noticeable than



another in society to day, it is the conflict of influences. Side by side with the elevating and refining literature from the press comes the low, obscene, demoralizing illustrated paper and novel. In the same block with a church whose influences point heavenward there is the saloon and low den of vice that makes "a sensible man by and by a fool and presently a beast".

On the same street where the school seeks to train minds for positions of respectability in life, walk bingos whose purpose is to debase the soul and lead innocent feet in paths of wickedness and shame. With this conflict going on before us and growing more intense as the years roll by, who is there that does not wish to place his influence on the side of truth and virtue? Who is there that does not want to increase his influence? We believe it ought to be the daily thought of each one of us how to do it. To borrow a figure from the London street preacher, "we may not know who is marching to the beats of our life's drum, but we want to send its tones farther and wider."

There are different ways of doing this individually by a careful example and by our conversation, but the purpose of this article is not only to incite to greater individual influence, but to point out the collected mass of good influence we have in our society and show how



it may be used to advantage. If, where a saloon keeper, or a low newspaper would plant a degrading ambition or thought, we can place a lofty aim and stimulate to right thinking, we have gained a point in the contest of influence.

There is talent capable of entertaining large audiences in our society and the quality of thought would be a benefit to any assembly. Who will deny that the excellent programme of last meeting would interest and please a most critical audience, and any person unfamiliar with Shakespeare would certainly have received a strong impetus to study his works. In addition to the direct influence of our exercises on those present there would probably arise other societies having the same object of literary culture. There are societies that would probably not only be willing but glad to have us give them an entertainment. We think the First Congregational Church would open its doors to us if we desired. Why not then give several public meetings during the coming season at intervals of two or three months as the class would wish. The writer belonged to a society several years ago, which adopted this plan and their audiences would crowd to its utmost capacity the large hall in which their public meetings were given. We hope the class will see fit to no longer restrict the influence it might exert for good.



## Michael Angelo.

Within the walls of the old castle of Caprese is a room which is marked by a tablet stating that therein Michael Angelo was born on the 6<sup>th</sup> of March 1475. At the time of Angelo's birth his father, Ludovico Buonarroti was governor of the castle which he held in the name of the Florentines. When Buonarroti's term of office at Caprese had expired he returned to Florence, pausing for a short time at a family estate at Settignano. There he left his infant son in the care of a nurse, who was the daughter of a stone-mason and also the wife of a stone-mason, so that, as he afterwards said, he imbibed a love of marble with his first nourishment. In his infancy he was in the midst of blocks of marble and the implements of sculpture, and as soon as he could use his hands, his innate love of design found expression in rude charcoal sketches on the walls of the house in which he grew up. These sketches were carefully preserved and some of them are to be seen even now.



Angelo was afterwards sent to the school of the famous Grammarian Francesco Venturini of Urbino, who, as tradition affirms was the teacher of Raphael some years later. Even at this early age the boy delighted to handle a pencil and endeavored to express his ideas and fancies by this means. All his leisure hours and even the time he should have spent with his studies was devoted to the developement of his passion for art.

But Buonarroti had intended that this son should be a scholar and as soon as he found that his artistic propensities were likely to interfere with this plan, he forbade such amusement and punished him for the inevitable disobedience. Still Michael Angelo persisted in his pursuit of artistic knowledge and at last in April, 1488, his father reluctantly consented to place him under Domenico Ghirlandajo, the foremost painter of Florence. Under his guidance the lad learned the technic of his art; preparing colors, copying drawings and laying in the groundwork of frescoes. He was not



satisfied however with simple copying. It was the custom for the pupils to copy the drawings which Ghirlandajo had made, and one day Angelo took one of these drawings from the hand of a fellow pupil and with a few skillful strokes corrected it and so successfully, that when shown the sketch sixty years later, he said, "I almost think I knew more of art in my youth than I do in my old age." His first picture was an enlarged copy of Schöngauer's picture of the "Temptation of St. Anthony." It is said that his rapid progress excited the jealousy not only of his fellow students but also of his master who tried to arrest his development.

However, he did not remain long under the instruction of Ghirlandajo for within a year he was placed in an academy which Lorenzo de' Medici had founded near the monastery of St. Mark. Lorenzo had enriched the vast collection of ancient and modern sculptures, paintings, and rare gems and other works of art, which his grandfather had amassed, and had



arranged them in appropriate galleries. There he opened to students, establishing prizes and placing the school under the care of Bertholdo. When he entered the school, Angelo hardly knew the rudiments of sculpture but Bertholdo found in him a ready pupil and his first work in marble was so well done that it attracted the attention of Lorenzo. Indeed Lorenzo was so pleased with Angelo that he asked Buonarroti to allow his son to live at the Medici Palace.

At this time Florence with her wealthy and cultured society and her rare facilities artistic studies, with the resulting achievements, was the most brilliant of the cities of Italy and at the palace Angelo met some of the greatest men of the time. Mr. Sweetser in his biography of Michael Angelo says, "The keen susceptibilities of the young Buonarroti were deeply impressed by those things which he daily heard—the philosophic discussions of the Academy, the melodious songs of the Renaissance poets and the heroic words spoken for pure religion



by Savonarola. Here then in these golden house years, the happiest and brightest of his life, Angelo learned to think deeply, under the guidance of the noblest minds of Italy." While at the palace Angelo executed the group of "Hercules and the Centaurs" the subject for which was suggested by Poliziano the eminent poet and philosopher.

On the death of his patron in April 1492 and the overthrow of the Medici, Angelo left Florence and hastened to Venice. But his supply of money soon gave out and he had to turn toward home again. He stopped however in Bologna for more than a year and while there he was commissioned to finish two small statues which had been commenced by other sculptors but left incomplete. Although this work was not up to his usual standard of ability, it called forth such praise that the jealousy of the Bolognese artists was excited against the Florentine boy of twenty and he found it expedient to leave their city.



He therefore returned to Florence and went quietly to work. One of the works of this time was a sleeping Cupid which he was induced to send to Rome to be buried for a season and then sold for an antique. The trick was successful and the statue was bought by Cardinal Riario. But the Cardinal soon suspected the hoax and sent a messenger to Florence to discover whose work it was. When this messenger found that Angelo was the sculptor he invited him to go to Rome and work for the Cardinal. Angelo gladly accepted this offer and in June 1496, he entered the Eternal City which he was to adorn.

His first work in Rome was a drunken Bacchus; next followed a pieta. A change in government taking place in Florence he returned to that city. Indeed throughout his life his time seems to have been divided between the two cities. Rome was the place of his greatest and grandest work but <sup>his</sup> Florence was his home.

While in the latter city in 1502 he received an order to cut a statue out of an immense block of marble eight  
feet



ten feet long. From this block Angelo evoked the statue of "David". Owing to its enormous weight, 18,000 pounds, it took three days to move it from the studio to the square in front of the Palazzo Vecchio where it stood until 1873. The erecting of "David" was an event in Florence; occurrences were dated from it and a superstitious feeling was attached to it in the minds of the people who apprehended disaster to their city in case it should be disturbed.

The fame of the great sculptor had reached Pope Julius II who commissioned him to make a colossal mausoleum for him. A dispute arose between the sculptor and the Pope and the artist abruptly left Rome for Florence. But a reconciliation was soon effected and Angelo undertook the work of making a bronze statue of Julius II. It was unveiled Feb. 21, 1503.

It was soon after this that the Pope allotted to Angelo the task of painting the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. He faltered at the undertaking of so great a work, especially as he had had very little practice in the art of painting.



Therefore he recommended the Pope to choose Raphael, who arrived in Rome about that time. But the Pope insisted that he alone should execute the Sistine painting. So on the 10<sup>th</sup> of May, 1508, the great master began to prepare his designs for the frescoes. His assistants proved incompetent so he soon dismissed them and thereafter worked for the most part unaided in the great gloomy space between the platform and the ceiling. He had to work too in a very painful position and to ease his labor he had a little cart constructed on which he half sat and half reclined. Even then his eyes were so much strained by constantly looking upward that for a long time he was unable to read except when he held the book above his head. The frescoes were partly finished by All Saint's Day 1509, and the scaffolding was removed so that the Pope might see the work. The completion of the enterprise was reached probably late in 1512 and the Chapel was opened to the people in Mar. 1513. Rugler says that "The ceiling of the Sistine Chapel contains the most perfect work done by Michael Angelo in his long and active



life. Here his great spirit appears in its noblest dignity, in its highest purity.

In 1513 Julius II died, mentioning the mausoleum in his will and leaving directions for its completion. Angelo resumed work on it and for three years was completely absorbed in the task. One of the figures for this was that of "Moses" with which we are all so familiar. At times for years Angelo worked on this sepulchral monument but he never finished it. The son

This construction of the facade of San Lorenzo was the next great task proposed to him by Leo X. This work required not only a sculptor, but an architect, with an engineer and a superintendent of authority. Angelo undertook the whole, accepting no aid and passed a spring and summer in the mountains, opening new marble quarries, directing men in several places, arranging for transportation; in a word making himself felt in every department of the enterprise. The great master possessed prodigious powers and he tasked them to their utmost limit but it seemed to be his destiny to complete none of his great enterprises. Partly from the multitude and splendor of his ideas, partly



through his impetuous nature and partly by reason of the caprices of his princely employers, his career was full of fruitless schemes. The designing of the facade of San Lorenzo on which he toiled as he had on no other work, was brought to a standstill by disasters which befell the Medici family.

In 1534 at the age of fifty four nine at the instance of the Pope he again took up his brush to paint the "Last Judgement" on the altar wall of the Sistine Chapel. While on this work he used to paint a nude figure, larger than life, in two days; and he could have executed the whole in a year, but that he needed such long periods of rest that over six years were consumed upon it, and it was not completed until late in 1541. The composition of the fresco is marvellously clear, by reason of its skillful arrangement into four distinct groups. Although it was twenty two years since he had done work of the kind, this fresco showed a great increase of power and facility rather than a decadence.

In 1546 the architect of St. Peter's died and Angelo was appointed in his place.



He took the work up as from the beginning with full power to do as he would. He was at this time very infirm and had many enemies so he hastened to get the building to a point where his plans could not be changed by his enemies after his death. They succeeded in doing this to a great extent but to Angelo Belonghe the glory of the great dome which he lived to model though he never saw it suspended. For this work he would receive no pay saying that he would do it only for the glory of God and St. Peter.

The Duke of Florence urged Angelo to return to that city but he refused saying that he wished to get the work on St. Peter's as near completion as possible. About 1557 the Duke visited Angelo in Rome and had a long conversation with him.

At this time the great master earnestly musing on the approach of death and preparing his spirit for the inevitable change. The two sonnets sent by him to Vasari at this time were filled with the spirit of prayer and vitalized by Christian humility and hope. The following is from the translation of one of them in Bohn's Vasari:—



Now in frail bark, and on the storm-tossed wave,  
Doth this my life approach the common port,  
Whither all haste to render up account,  
Of every act, - the erring and the just.  
Wherefore I now do see, that by the love  
Which rendered Art mine idol and my lord,  
I did much err. Vain are the loves of man,  
And error lurks within his every thought.  
Light hours of this my life, where are ye now,  
When towards a twofold death my feet draw near,  
The one well-known, the other threatening loud, -  
Not the erst worshipped Art can now give peace  
To him whose soul turns to that Love Divine,  
Whose arms shall lift him from the Gross  
to Heaven."

Angelo's last work in sculpture was a group of the Virgin and the dead Christ but it was never finished. During the winter of 1563-4 the master's strength failed. <sup>my</sup> Towards sunset on the 18<sup>th</sup> of Feb. 1564 Angelo turned to his friends and said, "I give my soul to God, my body to the earth and my worldly possessions to my nearest of kin, charging them through life to remember the sufferings of Jesus Christ." Thus in the eighty ninth year of his age died the sculptor, painter, architect, and poet, Michael Angelo.



## Anti-Ennui.

Young Ladino should not forget that Goliath died from the effects of a bang on the forehead.

Young Ladino Seminary - Examination in history.  
Teacher - Mary! did Martin Luther die a natural death?

Mary - No! He was excommunicated by a bull.

A New York "society" young lady, who heard, Matthew Arnold's first lecture says she doesn't think much of his abilitie as an orator, but she can recommend his writing fluid.

A land slide is a portion of a land - sliding down a mountain. A land scape is some that got away.

What is the worst fare a soldier can live on?  
Warfare. - What is the best fare he can die on?  
same

"Please give a poor blind man a nickel?" said a tramping beggar to a gentleman on Michigan Ave.  
"But you are not blind" remarked the gentleman.



No! but my partner is. He is standing down there on the corner watching to see if the police are coming this way.

Grocer, who has lately joined the militia, practicing in his shop: "Right, left, right, left, four paces to the rear; march!" - falls down trap-door into the cellar.

Grocer's wife, anxiously: "Oh, Jim; are you hurt?"

Grocer, savagely, but with dignity: "Go away, woman: what do you know about war?"



# Thanksgiving Day.

In a few days another of the public holidays will return, a day, set apart by National and State governments, to return thanks to the Giver of every good and perfect gift for his beneficent, supreme control over the social, political, material and religious development of the nation. As the day dawns, various ways of spending it will be seen.

The excessively active business man will be seen hurrying to his office, to pore over correspondence and columns of figures, and perchance mentally blaming a custom, which interferes with his business by giving him only one mail and closing the banks.

Mammy, whose working days are numerous and holidays few, will take the opportunity to go riding, or visiting friends. The school boy considers it a day, especially designed by the United States Government for his amusement, and enjoys himself accordingly. The careful housewife and cook.

will wrestle with the defunct turkey, which has laid its martyred life on the altar of custom. Servants will try to outdo each other in the elegance of table arrangement. But while there is a very large class of people,



which is considering it a day of festivity, who are eagerly longing for the ringing of the dinner bell, and perhaps repeating Shakespeare's prayer.

"Now good digestion wait on appetite  
~~and~~ health on both"

There is another class, which is carrying out the purpose of the day. In cities and villages and country towns, the church bells will ring, to call the people together, to give expression to that Divine sentiment of the human heart - gratitude. It is fitting that the nation sets apart one day in the year at least, to consider that men alone are not the ~~causes~~ of our nation's progress, and welfare; that the hand of Omnipotence is a guiding factor among men. In every return of this day, the thought is pressed home to the minds of candid thinking and reverential persons, that however scheming politicians may appear to succeed in their designs, however bad men may try to magnify their influence,

This nation has a work to perform, among the nations of the earth, which cannot be stopped, which will move grandly forward in spite of apparent obstacles and opposition.

Another benefit of Thanksgiving is in



directing the minds of the people to the advantages, which they have had, during the year, to the blessings, which they have enjoyed in peaceful, and in the whole wise legislation, in beautiful harvests, in moral and educational privileges, and to evils from which they have been kept in forms of war, plagues, financial panics, physical disasters from the elements and many other possible blights on a people's happiness, which will present themselves to your minds. It is wise in the nation to direct the people's attention to these things. One of the most healthful influences in the human mind, in organizations or in governments is gratitude. It is opposed to greed and conniving for selfish interests.

Do you not think if the Government could get every individual in the land to be sincerely grateful in his condition, that its operations would be attended with less friction? There would be no disturbing social element. Communism would disappear, and citizens would become as the Romans, who were

"Like brothers in the brave days of old."  
Thanksgiving although instituted for return thanks for National blessings, cannot be without its effect on the individual



His mind will be directed to his own experience. He will look on the brightest side of the past year, and will probably discover more to inspire gratitude than he had thought of before. This discovery will increase cheerfulness and modify selfishness, than which nothing is so abhorrent in human nature. Although from our childhood we have been familiar with the origin of the day, and the Pilgrim fathers are almost as well known to us as our own, it may be well to refresh our minds on some of the fundamental causes, which led to the establishment of yearly thanksgiving.

Disconnect your minds with the present moment, and direct them to England about two hundred and sixty years ago, and a strange state of society will be seen. Faction is arrayed against faction, Church against church. Nobility against the King and the peasants against the nobility. Religious jealousy and bigotry are manifesting intense intolerance of differing sects; the chief contest being between the Churchmen and the Puritans.

The latter came in conflict with the former by despising their forms and ceremonies in worship, and with the Royalists and Nobility by denouncing the immorality in high places and their stringent oppressive laws. Their



gloomy and menacing character brought upon them odium and persecution, from which they sought relief in the untried resources of the New World. On the 6<sup>th</sup> day of September 1620 the first colony of New England, numbering 102 souls, saw the shores of Old England grow dim and sink behind the sea. After a long and perilous voyage, during which <sup>the ship</sup> was buffeted and driven by storms, the anchor was cast upon desolate Cape Cod. on the 9<sup>th</sup> of November. This first winter was most trying to the Puritans.

On a bleak desolate coast, surrounded by hostile savages, experiencing the keen blasts and severe storms of a winter, such as they had never known before it is no wonder that strong arms fell powerless, and lung fevers and consumptions wasted every family. But, when it ended, their hopes were still strong, and then came seed time and harvest.

An abundance of grain was stored in their barns and danger from famine was past. Gratitude to that Providence, upon whom they had depended in former times, led them to set apart a day in the fall of 1621 for general thanksgiving and worship, which custom may this Government continue as long as it shall exist. Much has been



written about the dark side of Puritanism  
with its intolerance and austerity and  
bigotry and as Redpath, the historian says  
The charge is true, It is the back ground of  
the picture. In matters of religion they were  
intolerant and superstitious. Their faith  
was gloomy and forboding. Human life was  
deemed a sad and miserable journey. To be  
mistaken was to sin. To fail in trifling cere-  
monies was reckoned a grievous crime. In  
the shadow of such a belief the people became  
austere and melancholy. Escaping from the  
splendid formalities of the Episcopal church,  
they set up a colder and severer form of wor-  
ship, and the form was made like iron. Dis-  
senter themselves, they could not tolerate  
the dissent of others. To restrain and pun-  
ish error seemed right and necessary. Williams  
and Hutchinson were banished; the Quakers  
were persecuted and the witches hanged.  
But Puritanism contained within itself the  
power to correct its own abuses. Within the  
austere and gloomy fabric dwelt the very  
sub and genius of Free Thought. Under  
the ice-bound rigors of the faith flowed  
a current, which no fatalism could con-  
geal, no superstition poison. The heart of  
a mighty, tumultuous liberty-loving life



throbbed within the cold stiff body of formalism. A powerful vitality, which no disaster could subdue, no persecution quench warmed and energized and quickened. The evils of the system may well be forgotten in the glory of its achievements. Such were the people, who gave us Thanksgiving day. Founded upon Plymouth Rock, may that rock crumble into sand upon its wave washed shore, before the idea of dispensing with this day enters the heart of the American people.



# The Editor's Adventure

The Editor sat in his sanctum,  
The *nom de plume* for his room,  
And books and papers embanked him,  
While the gas kept out the gloom

Not a furrow of care could be seen:  
On the broad expanse of his brow,  
For all the subscriptions had been  
paid. That he didn't have to allow.

Steadily pushed he the quill,  
And frequent the scissors applied.  
His thoughts - well they roamed at sweet will,  
And compassed the earth far and wide.

Not at loss for a subject was he;  
With that editor's friend by his side,  
Known as the American Encyclo p e d,  
Which often in thought was his guide.

He had chosen his subject at last -  
Thanksgiving - its appropriate title,  
And quick his mind turned to the past,  
To find why it thanked for so little.



He saw how the Puritans murmured,  
When disturbed in their simple devotion:  
How they royal wrath incurred:  
In attempting to cross the ocean.

He followed them over the sea;  
To New England's wild, rugged shore,  
Where they sought to be perfectly free,  
To think, speak, act and adore.

He noticed their destitute state:  
Away from their country and home,  
Having both in this land to create,  
To which they in sorrow had come.

And fast were his sympathies flowing  
To that good people, distressed,  
When a yell like a tin horn, blowing,  
Roused the lion within his breast.

With no thought now of Thanksgiving,  
On the contrary quite the reverse;  
Wildly he rose from his sitting:  
With sentences, strong and terse.



Ye furro-screamed he in a daze.  
What in the mischief is that?  
Did it not have such a low bass,  
I should certainly think it a cat.

"But no" muttered he - "I'm a dog,"  
So he heard the quick barking tone,  
If that isn't the voice of a dog,  
With twelve more wanting his bone.

Now the racket wildly increased.  
The barking was sharp and terrific,  
Untill strong desire him seized,  
To give those dogs soporific.

Armed with his cane, he sought for gore,  
With dire purpose in his mind,  
Determined to kill half a score,  
As a warning to their kind.

The night was dark, the sky overcast  
With clouds. No moon to guide him on,  
As swiftly he the corner past,  
Half thinking that the dogs were gone.



For Silence, like a spirit now:  
Was brooding o'er the scene,  
And every warlike dog laid low,  
Or hid behind a screen.

Ha! What is that? A shape appears  
Dark, hairy, crouching low.  
He forward springs, then stops and peers,  
To see the brute soon go.

Said he - "I will my courage prove"  
And then he made a rush,  
But that same brute made not a move,  
As he attacked - a bush.

Sadly disconsolate turned he then,  
To leave that dismal ground,  
When a shout like a Captain's to his men  
Was heard for blocks around.

In a voice, that rent the firmament,  
The shout again was heard.  
But the editor stood firmament,  
Nor uttered he a word.



For a fearful thought flashed on his mind,  
Which made him quake and tremble,  
That, standing near the house behind,  
A burglar he'd resemble.

He sees himself in fancy shot,  
And sat upon by jury.  
Who mournfully this verdict brought—  
"Died by dog-matic fury."

"Oh give this cane"—if you kill me,  
Begin his latest codicil,  
"To that sublime society,  
That listens to this doggerel"

The key to these verses will be cheerfully  
furnished upon application to the creditors



# The True Basis of Fame

"It is infamy to die and not be missed." We do not remember the name of the Author of these words and yet their truth none can dispute. We can easily realize the ignominy which must attach itself to a life that has been mispent, wasted or idly used for self, which, when ended, and the clay monument is consigned to the dust, will remain "unwept, unhonored and unsung." To a thinking mind, to one whose thoughts soar above his daily necessities, such a destiny would be intolerable. It is true that there are persons whose chief and solicitous care is for their food and drink. They care not that a marble shaft, pointing heavenward, shall bear their name, nor a headstone shall mark their last resting place. It matters not to them that their name shall be treasured in some human heart. They will be content to be forgotten. Of this class we do not care to speak. Their lives are such that the world will cheerfully let them go and oblivion will cover them. But there is a large number of persons, whose desire is to be remembered. To them it is a thought ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~rough~~ <sup>rough</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> their daily work that the years they spend in labor for certain ends shall not be in vain. The Statesman studying and working for ~~the~~ best interests of his country has a hope that the historian may hand his name down to future generations



The soldier, struggling to the front in a battle's charge is filled with the hope of the glorious mention of the part he took in the combat. The author, writing the history, poem or novel, expects his name to be handed to posterity by it. This desire for fame, although not universal is wide spread and belongs exclusively to no class or people. The North American Indian remembers and repeats to successive generations legends and exploits of warriors, whose deeds of valor expressed their ideas of heroism and these incite their boys to bravery that they may become renowned. An ambitious mind looking over the long ages of the past and seeing the lustre of some names is filled with emulation. These names are even under different conditions of society and at different periods in history yet strongly illuminating the age in which they were known. The names of Pericles and Solon shine brightly in the center of Greek civilization as constant reminders of the excellence of wisdom. Plato and Aristotle, pioneers in philosophy and logic are familiar to us all, but space would fail us to mention the famous names, which have been ringing through the centuries with the glory of their achievements. They simply illustrate that it is possible to stamp individuality on a generation, whose influence and power will widen and extend with each succeeding cycle.



of time, like the concentric waves in a pond.  
These questions have probably come to all of you.  
Is this reputation desirable? Is it satisfactory?  
Is fame worth working for? How can it be achieved?  
They have probably come to every young man, stand-  
ing upon the threshold of life. He has heard so  
much about the unsatisfying quality of fame,  
how it leads on from bright to bright, and after  
taking him to the pinnacle of possibility, he is  
still discontented and dissatisfied and like  
the great Alexander sighs for more worlds to conquer.  
He has heard that fame is a glittering bauble,  
an apparent reality that fades away when grasped.  
He has been told that it is a delusive light in  
the distance, a will o' the wisp, ever burning on  
to repeated effort, yet keeping beyond his reach  
and giving no returns for his pains. We have heard  
public speakers from the platform make such state-  
ments, to quell ambition in youth. To an indolent  
mind they are perfectly satisfactory reasons for  
remaining in whatever state Providence has  
placed him and his own laziness has kept him.  
But we are glad to believe that the great majority  
of thinking men are not affected by these state-  
ments. If they heeded them society would  
advance backwards and the world's progress would  
be retrograde. Every young man of strong purpose,  
coming to an age of responsibility, contemplates



making for himself a name. He looks over the field of occupations, commercial, literary, professional or mechanical and if circumstances are not too strongly adverse selects that which pleases him and he is adapted for and determines to make himself known in it. Now is this ambition laudable and wise or is it to be repressed. What does it mean, that he will make for himself a name? Is it not that he will use his intelligence to its highest capacity; to be persistent in purpose to thoroughly perform his duty and to widen his influence? If these are commendable who will deny that his ambition is a worthy one? Yet the fact is apparent, that many men of strong purpose achieve no fame, except a transient one, or in their struggle for it attain only an ignominious notoriety. This leads us to our subject. What is the true basis of fame? What will a name rest upon? We find an answer in Socrates definition of fame. It is the perfume of heroic deeds. Heroism ignores self and acts from the impulse of doing. It finds its inspiration in its object. Here is the great difference between those who have striven for eminence and come short of it, and those who have attained it unconsciously through their purpose to benefit the world by their life. The past is resplendent with names of those who became illustrious through opposition, struggle and toil to gain



an end. Martin Luther strove to free Europe,  
from the iniquitous yoke, under which it groined.  
The Genoese sailor traveling as a beggar through  
Europe to solicit aid for a westward voyage, suf-  
fered much opposition and calumny but now we  
honor the name of Columbus. Thus we notice that  
unselfish labor for the benefit of humanity <sup>and the progress of the world</sup> laid  
the foundation of great names. It will continue  
to do so when the names of those who strove for  
fame are forgotten. In the active work of  
life it is well that the thought of fame may  
enter in, but we must not lose sight of its basis,  
the rocky foundation of an upright character,  
under a symmetrical building of noble thoughts  
and deeds. It may be well to look at some of  
the causes that have made men famous. We see  
that the great ones of earth have been men of  
thought and investigation and perseverance.

They dared to think out of the ruts and  
channels in which the minds of their prede-  
cessors or contemporaries ran, and apply their  
thought to social, physical and mechanical  
problems, even though persecuted for retaining  
their beliefs. Galileo in prison for the statement  
that the world moves, shows how dangerous it  
was to express even a scientific thought differ-  
ing from that of the multitude around him.  
Nearly all famous men have been active



workers. They hold their bodies in subjection to their intellects with such a power of will that we often notice the physical faculties strained by the determination of the brain.

Walter Scott and Napoleon illustrate this.

There may be examples, where circumstances have made a man famous but they are doubtless few. It will generally be found that the men have made circumstances by their own hard work. As Longfellow truly says.

"The heights by great men reached and kept  
Were not attained by sudden flight  
But they, while their companions slept  
Were toiling upward in the night."

Thus far we have considered fame with its usual meaning of a world wide reputation and intimated what it rests upon, and the necessities for its achievement, but it is true that only a few men in a generation achieve this. Yet there is a fame just as noble and praiseworthy and as much to be desired as though it extended to two hemispheres and continents echoed it. That is the record of a well spent life. It may not be written on history's page, but it will be on hearts that have been cheered and strengthened by it. This is a fame all can strive for with hope of success, that every one can have and sometime it may be said.



"These are the great of earth.  
Great not by kingly birth.  
Great in their well proved worth  
Firm hearts and true."



## Answers to Correspondents

Saura Matilda - "I have an unfortunate tendency  
even on trivial occasions to shed tears"  
Now can I prevent it? Lock up the shed.

Traveler - How long was Astorius Ward in  
California? Five feet ten and a half.

Citizen - I am getting bald. What will  
make my hair come out? Oil of  
Vitriol will make all your hair come  
out.



## The Phi Sigma Party.

Yes! That was certainly the grandest party we ever attended!

This evening seems to bring back the whole scene before our eyes, as if this were the very night. A detailed description would be entirely inadequate, and we can not now even give that. But as the various incidents crowd back on memory's wings we will note down a few in case they may be of interest.

It was a lovely evening, and at first we were almost tempted to stay out and enjoy the "rolling thunder, lurid lightnings and awe inspiring storm" as we had once heard it described in the Phi Sigma, when the weather was criticised.

But we concluded not to and so sought the mansion designated. On gazing up at an opening door we discovered that a ball o' twine was encircling the left wing of the hall with little grace so we knew that must be the place.

We entered. Mrs. A. F. C. J. B. Jumbina was hostess, and received the guests, with smiles, as usual, for every one, and an additional one thrown in for the



particulars. We left our company for the dressing room and on returning to the parlors found that the Parson had tucker in and that he was completely carried away. - though the minni-  
mum maiden did think it was her that had tuck er. To tell you all who were there would be impossible. We remember that a revered gentleman from the abbey near by was present and lent dignity to the occasion. Then the tanner of the village was there, noted for the skill usual to the trade - We might say here that in by gone days this tanner was of course often found with his hides. Then the hides sighed for a tanner - yes for tanners. Now the tanners came, but even the one hide left despite all its grace declines.

There were many others of course, almost as prominent, present. Among so large a company, there were as might be expected some with beards, and it is a fact worthy of note, that the highest beard always seemed to esteem itself best by far. But we must not forget to say a



ward about the collation that was especially fine. At the last moment however the tanner was there and he preferred to feast on his accustomed fare. Some extra fine bacon was sent for. The bacon felt honored at being sent for and thought that if served up with rice it would be most tempting. The guests thought so too, for they liked rice with everything, so served with rice it was. But as we have already intimated the whole scene beggars description. It all - and they all (especially the young men) looked so nice that once there was danger of them all being gobbled up. Some even go so far <sup>as</sup> to say that lotteries were run: but one got mained, and that eventually broke it up, and restored order. The only thing however that was of a doubtful character was that a youth, noted for brunco steering, chanced to get in. He scarcely knew how to conduct himself. Though he had been served with a double portion - when the hostess said "Will son my have more?" he said "May I please?" and all the time looked harsher than anyone. But our time's up, and this recital must stop. We had to whittle so fine a point, to get an end that



we give it up, and now will only add a few touching quotations from the numerous regrets that came pouring in. One wrote: "Accept regrets! To be away from the Phi Sigma has within an hinch - left me dead." Another "Wandering by the beautiful park inns I longed not to be an alvin any more so became chained to the park-inns therefore I can not come" Another! "What with correspondence, with broken hearts in Chicago, and visits to breaking ones in Smith college, its not a whit man has left to write a respectable regret. You see I am perfectly Frank" Another! "Though occupied with the duties of the Temple I wish I were with you, especially since you have increased or hope to increase your force of tanners that is see, see?" Another "My regrets. Flour pots flourish best on Phi Sigma soil. I am sorry, and always shall be, that I had to be transplanted" Another! "Merrily I look back to the days when I was with you. The Elizabethan period was always especially interesting to me, and I wish you could have appreciated it more!" Another! I am Frank To say that the old days, when every member of the Phi Sigma would persist in writing my name Mike Lunny are among the most



pleasant I remember. I miss the "Voice"  
most of all. One, whom we will remember  
writes. "It was always well with me, when in  
the Phi Sigma, but I took Violent Colds  
on my hinges! so I can never come  
again." Yet another! Without you phellow  
Phi Sigmities there is Small joy in life"  
And the last broke out into this heart-  
rending effusion

I saw yee once, oh! happy day!  
Had I but wings, I'd soar your way.  
To saw yee now; and so yee may  
Believe me sove! yea sove far  
Than logs beneath a sawyers saw.  
For further information as to this impor-  
tant event in the history of the class  
it is only necessary to ask in bawl a  
little ponder.

Anonymous